AMERICANS IN TURKEY.

ATTITUDES OF THE TWO GOVERNMENTS TOWARD THEM.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
CONSTANTINOPLE, May 7.

The New-York World of April 9 contains a Democratic campaign document in the shape of an alleged interview with Tewfik Pacha, the Turkish Minister at Washington, concerning the unredressed outrages on American citizens in Turkey. I say an alleged interview because *The World* ascribes to the lips of Tewfik Pacha himself a virulent personal attack on General Wallace. It is inconceivable that so accomplished a gentleman as the Turkish Minister at Washington should forget his privileged position so far as to use the newspapers of the country to which he is accredited to attack the character of that country's representative with his Imperial master. Such an act would be poor diplomacy. Even the course of the German newspapers toward Mr. Sargent was not so startling an innovation upon diplomatic usage. Doubtless long before this letter reaches you the United States will have taken steps in defence of its own dignity. Already it must have induced Tewfik Pacha to place on record such statements concerning the "interview" reported in *The World* as will remove it from the category of insults offered to the United States.

But the statements ascribed to Tewfik Pacha are worth noticing when reported with appropriate head-lines and an approving preface by *The World*. They would belittle grievances suffered by American citizens in Turkey for the sake of affording ammunition for a political attack upon the policy of the Republican Administration. *The World* would treat a discussion which belongs entirely to the United States Government and the Porte as if it was a personal question between General Wallace and the Turkish Ministry. The distinction is a vital one to Americans who have National pride, quite as much as to a Democrat who wishes to bemire a Republican Foreign Minister.

One of the statements which affords grounds for the attempt to make light of these grievances is that General Wallace demanded redress for the arrest of Dr. Pflaum and damages for his imprisonment in a Turkish jail. The arrest was illegal and the punishment by imprisonment, whether for ten days or ten hours, was a gross violation of the most sacred clause of our ancient treaty. The result was precisely what the treaty was designed to prevent, namely, an American citizen with the tastes of a gentleman cast headlong among a crowd of cut-throats into a prison with the atmosphere of a pest-house, made sick by his ill treatment, and on his release forced by the disgrace of the thing to abandon the place and his hopes of an honorable livelihood there. As I have hitherto understood Americans, they have always thought it a matter of boasting that no Power in the wide world could inflict an outrage on an American citizen without regretting it. But *The World* sees in a demand for the redress of this outrage something extraordinary, and considers such "conduct" proof of deep perfidy on the part of the Minister who makes the demand. If *The World* represents the foreign policy which would enter the platform of a Democratic Administration, it is well to know it.

Another point that shows the trivial character of the grievances is that this man for whose wrongs General Wallace has demanded redress is a German-American. Think of it, my countrymen! A representative of the United States has been guilty of championing the rights of a man who is nothing but a German-American! Perhaps the Martin Kosta case has passed from the minds of the staff of *The World*. But I can remember my own boyish participation in the thrill of patriotic pride which swept over the United States in 1853, when in the face of the Austrian fleet in the Gulf of Smyrna, Captain Ingraham with the little brig St. Louis cleared for action and double-shotted his guns, and thus rescued the Hungarian-American from illegal arrest. Perhaps the Democrats would change all this. Perhaps, under a Democratic Administration German-Americans would be regarded as ridiculously presuming when they attempt "to take advantage of their adopted citizenship!"

The World for party ends has in the same manner travestied the whole of a subject which ought to obliterate party lines. It affects to disbelieve the fact that American citizens in Turkey are in jeopardy through a series of acts of the Turks which were formally made known nearly a year ago to the President, and which are yet unredressed. It is true that many of these unrebuked outrages are cases that should never have had a place at all among questions of international diplomacy. But seeing that the Turkish Government has persistently ignored the claims of justice, the United States has had no choice. It must either make these outrages questions of diplomatic importance or accept the results of ideas of equity which would refuse redress to open wrong. In the case of Dr. Calhoun the injustice and the violation of treaty rights was clear. Yet the denial of redress was so extraordinary that the American citizens residing in Syria actually wrote to Washington, charging Gen. Wallace with lack of energy! The case of Messrs. Knapp and Raynolds has already been described in the public prints. The two gentlemen were travelling on legitimate business on a highway. Several men suddenly surrounded them. Without a hint of evil intent or a word of warning these men knocked one of the Americans from his horse with a club and cut the other one down with a sword. They then robbed them both and cast them, bound hand and foot, into the bushes by the roadside. Then the ruffians made off with the horses and property of their victims. The point of this case is, that while the robbers are well known the Turkish authorities have, so far, actually protected them from pursuit, thus taking upon themselves full responsibility for the robbery. *The World* makes light of this case. Yet the case was deemed of sufficient importance to be reported by the British Consul at Van, with many graphic details and in several dispatches, to Lord Dufferin. The British Ambassador is watching with considerable interest to learn how the United States Government will act under the rough lessons it is receiving at the hands of the Turks.

The impression that the United States has no choice but to take up these cases and see them set right is not limited to any small number of persons. I have before me a copy of a memorial to President Arthur drawn up in May, 1883, by a convention of forty American citizens from twenty-two cities in different parts of Turkey. This memorial points out that the number and variety of illegal annoyances to which Americans have been subjected during the last five years has led to the feeling that the attitude of the Turkish Government has changed; that twenty years ago it was very uncommon for robbers to attack Americans or other foreigners, while within a few years past it has become common for them to do so; and the memorialists proceed to say that when such cases are reported to the Government "the event almost always shows that the robbers rather than ourselves are those shielded from harm." The memorial contains a solemn warning that this state of affairs, if permitted to continue unrebuked, will certainly result in riot and arson and pillage and murder and calamities which will freeze the blood. It concludes with the suggestion of a simple remedy. "Were the appearance of power," it says, "in the environment of our Legation here made impressive upon Oriental minds, and that Legation supported powerfully in all its demands in behalf of American citizens in the land, the solicitude and threatening aspect of our present position would give way to a hopeful confidence."

This memorial, written a year ago, recites in illustration of its positions several of the cases which were the subject of General Wallace's recent demand upon the Porte. The indifference with which these cases were regarded by the Turks had already excited alarm. The phrase which *The World* puts into the mouth of Tewfik Pacha as the Turkish view of these cases to-day expresses exactly that view which the memorialists feared that the Turkish Government had then begun to take. They feared that the Porte regarded the claims of American citizens for the protection to which they are entitled under existing Turkish laws as "all put together not of sufficient importance to be worth a tenth part of the attention that has been directed to them." It is of my personal knowledge that at that time General Wallace disappointed the memorialists by declining to serve as their channel of communication with the Government at Washington. He was understood to think the view taken in the memorial somewhat of a pessimist order. But a year has passed and General Wallace's expectation has not been justified by any action of the Turks. Meanwhile the President did not act hastily. Several months elapsed before Mr. Frelinghuysen was able to assure one of the memorialists, by word of mouth, that the Government would send energetic instructions on the subject to the Minister at Constantinople. The consequence of these strong instructions may be seen in the action which *The World* makes Tewfik Pacha call the "curious behavior of General Wallace."

Whatever the Democratic press may have to say of the propriety of abandoning American interests in Turkey, the President is apparently satisfied that these interest require attention. Admiral Baldwin is here with the Quinnebaug, by special order from Washington. This visit cannot fail of good results. General O. O. Howard is also in the city, and the Turks are not slow in attaching a meaning to the visit of two high officers in the United States service. On Friday last the Sultan gave a dinner to the Americans. Admiral Baldwin and his staff, with General Howard, all in full uniform, went with General Wallace to the palace and were most graciously received. Several of the Turkish Ministry were also invited to the dinner, and an evident impression was produced by the cordial manner of the Sultan toward his American guests. After the feast the Sultan invited the Admiral and General Wallace to a private interview, which afforded an opportunity for various explanations and expressions of good will which may bear fruit.

Without doubt the Sultan has friendly feelings toward the United States. Yet the distance between the friendly feeling of the Sultan and a right expression of it by the Ministry is well illustrated by a little incident in connection with this very visit of Admiral Baldwin.

Although the United States was not a party to the Treaty of Paris of 1856, the Turks have always claimed the right to exclude American war vessels from the straits that give access to the Black Sea. The United States has never admitted this right, though permission has always been asked when an American ship of war has wished to visit Constantinople. Turkey has always been courteous in granting requests for single vessels, not larger than a sloop of war, to pass the Dardanelles. But whenever such ships are admitted they come by special authorization of the Sultan, being of much greater size than the European dispatch boats admitted under the Treaty of Paris. Admiral Baldwin having signified his purpose of visiting Constantinople, the usual application was presented by the Legation to the Porte. Since the flag-ship Lancaster was too large for the utmost stretch of courtesy under the European treaties, the gracious permission of the Sultan was asked for a visit to Constantinople by the Quinnebaug, to which the Admiral would transfer his flag.

The distance from the Sublime Porte to the Sultan's palace is about four miles, and it was naturally supposed that the request might be submitted and accepted or rejected in two or three days' time. Fourteen days passed and no answer was returned! Meanwhile Admiral Baldwin had arrived at the island of Tenedos and lay there patiently waiting permission to pass the straits. The Turkish authorities here seem to have seen something sinister in this approach of the American Admiral and saw fit to notify the United States Minister, in writing, of the provisions of the Treaty of Paris as to the passage of the straits by war-ships. The communication conveyed valuable information as to the treaties with European Powers, but threw no light on the fate of the request for permission for the Quinnebaug to pass. The next day General Wallace had an audience of the Sultan, and was met by a request from His Majesty for information as to the movements of the American fleet. It then came out that the Sultan had been informed from some source that the American Admiral was about to force a passage of the Dardanelles. It further transpired that he had not been informed of the request made fourteen days before for his consent to the Quinnebaug's visit. Some pigeon-hole had formed an affinity for the requests of the United States Government, and there this request too had stuck. It took but a few minutes to clear away a misconception which might have led to awkward complications, and the Sultan courteously had a telegram sent immediately to the commandant at Dardanelles giving Admiral Baldwin the right to pass. So the Quinnebaug came into port, the first American war vessel that has visited Constantinople in nearly three years.

It was with a peculiar pleasure, therefore, that American residents here, drawn to the windows by the sound of the salute, discovered the stars and stripes rounding Seraglio Point. The little dispatch boats of the European Embassies never fire salutes, and the salute of the Quinnebaug appears to have dazed the faculties of the officer in charge of the little Turkish brig of war which does the honors of the port. At all events, it was full five hours after the Quinnebaug had come to anchor that the Turkish ship suddenly ran up the American flag and fired the return salute.

The utterly discourteous delay in answering the simple request as to the Quinnebaug stands in strong contrast to the extremely friendly bearing of the Sultan to General Wallace and to the distinguished officers who dined at the palace. It is not the first time that this contrast has been observed between the attitude of the Sovereign and the form which the Cabinet choose to give to the expression of the Sovereign's will. The questions with Turkey are still all unsettled. But the moment that the United States Government issued the instructions which led two months ago to a peremptory demand upon the Porte, it became bound to follow up the demand. After such a demand the United States cannot return to the policy of sending a weekly allowance of protests and complaints to fill the waste baskets of the Porte. It cannot afford to leave the United States Minister here in a position that warrants the gibes of all the world over his "curious behavior." To use a familiar expression, applied by another to this case, the Porte seems to think that Secretary Frelinghuysen is trying to bluff, and has called his hand. It is the old question, "What are you going to do about it?" No American, whatever his politics, should be willing to obscure this issue. The hopeful aspect given to affairs by the American dinner at the Sultan's palace should not be allowed to obscure it. The issue should not be obscured even by the suggestion that the crisis is produced through connivance between the Turkish officials and the United States Minister at Constantinople, in order that the latter may work up for himself a Senatorial boom! The treaty of commerce has been illegally declared null, the petroleum duties have not been restored to their legal limits, the cases of outrage on Americans, reported in 1883, have not been redressed, but new cases have been added to them. After all this time of patient waiting there is absolutely no alternative left to the United States. It must answer the call of the Porte by producing a heavy hand, or it must acknowledge defeat and abandon the game.

WHAT READERS WANT.

THE CLASS OF BOOKS TAKEN FROM THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

"All libraries are suffering," said W. T. Peoples, Librarian of the Mercantile Library Association, "from the increase of small circulating libraries, and the flood of works in such cheap form as Harper's, Monroe's, and other reproduction of standard foreign works for twenty cents or ten cents each; and we must not forget the reprinting of the works of American authors, on which the copyright has lapsed. A regular standing library is obliged to purchase these works in stable form; and, though receiving a considerable discount, cannot contend with books so cheap that they will afford the same amount of satisfaction and may be thrown or given away. For some years past this library has shown no gain from year to year, until the fiscal year just ended, when a satisfactory increase in numbers of new members and books taken out has been noted."

"I suppose," said THE TRIBUNE reporter, "that the average of classes read will remain about the same; such a percentage of fiction, philosophy, religion, poetry, being repeated?"

"To a great extent, yes. But during some months past our reports show that Art and Political Economy have gained quite rapidly. In fact, people are getting interested in better forms and the purely fictional and frivolous are neglected."

"Does the demand for reading matter keep pace with accessions to the library, in both membership and books?"

"Oh, yes! But there is one thing noticeable about that point. When the Mercantile was established, its location was away up town, far from business, and in the immediate neighborhood of the best residence streets. In those days clerks and business men could drop in on their way from business and select their books; and the more fortunate few who were beyond the necessity of going to work had the attraction of the library at their very doors, almost. As business pushed its way up town, and changed the character of the neighborhood, the library did not flourish so much. It is greatly to the credit of the institution that it held its grip so well, and did not deteriorate under adverse circumstances. As clerks and business men went further away the task of selection of books fell on their mothers, wives and sisters, and it is evident that under such a condition of things the heavier class of reading was seldom called for, and fewer of the men folks looked to the library for their reading matter. Now, however, there has been a change."

"To what do you attribute the change?"

"Chiefly to the erection and occupation of our Fifth Avenue Branch, which, to a great extent, restores the conditions of twenty or thirty years ago. And we congratulate ourselves on an increased membership of 231, and the putting out of 15,000 more books this year than last. We think there are few more beneficial institutions in the country than this, and if the association could command funds to move entirely into a handsome structure considerably further up town, our usefulness would be three-fold greater."

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS THE COUNTRY ROUND.

THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROADWAY LOUNGER.

Unchecked the lotteries steal over the land till the American people are like the Mexicans. Unchecked the slugging matches are fostered by the police till the American people want blood in the arena with their thumbs down like the Romans. Unchecked the bucket shops drain the banks. Unchecked the horse-race caters to the pool-maker and to women betting. When Morrissey ran his pool-room in Broadway to assist Tilden to be President all things were possible to come. But it was for Tilden and Reform. And when the independence of American public men is sold in the Reform pools by the moral book-makers this will be a fine country for hypocrites. Losing its best popular impulses its cohesion will be gone.

The morning hour on Broadway is full of queer scenes. At 6 o'clock you can see the man leading his four dogs, with a whip in his hand to make them march in time, and between their howling under the whip and their joy when he rewards them with a cake, the land is full of promise and the toils that oppress the day, etc. Soon you can see two chiffoniers make love over the same ash barrel, and they go on together hooking old bones and potatoes out of the barrels like two children walking down a brookside in the morning of life. The man waiting for some place to be open to get a drink seems to have all the enterprise of a great astronomer. The dashing milkmen driving chariots fit for Diana, and each with his own kind of whistle or yell classified, remind us of scenes in Rubens and mythology.

An old British steward told me that the most famous line on the Atlantic cuts the provisions for first-class passengers down to five shillings threepence a day, or $1 31. It formerly was nine shillings. This man believes cabin passenger rates will go up to $100 and $160 first cabin, as of old, as none of the lines is making money.

The West Side Bank I passed every morning and from a residence close by seemed to know its depositors one by one. It has looked to me like a little bank for the neighboring tradesmen. I never thought it had so much money that one clerk could steal nearly $100,000 from it and not be found out till his sister innocently came to inquire for him. There is nothing in appearances.

After the Marine Bank failed a friend of mine said: "I do not require to go down-town anyway more than once in two weeks, so I will keep my account up-town, and there is the Second National Bank which I know to be good." He was about to open an account there when a friend told him that on one occasion he had received a notice that as his deposit account was under $6,000 the bank did not care to be bothered with it. My friend had so much respect for $6,000 that he did not put his money in the Second National. As soon as he could get over this rebuff, that he was not fit to be a depositor even at no interest, with $6,000, he said to himself: "I will go to one place where I will be respected. There is the West Side Bank, which probably would esteem an account of $6,000 as something fine." Before he had made up his mind just when to go there, the West Side Bank graduated a clerk who could get off with nearly $100,000 and not be missed. So my friend said: "I think I will be my own banker for a little while to come," and now he sleeps in the midst of an armory, full of dreams of thieves, so that if he would only get up in the morning and write his dreams out he would be a great novelist.

Referring to Chicago architecture I observed the huge block they put up after the fire for county offices. Something is the matter with that pile, and they appear to be taking out the inside of it and, perhaps, are putting more stories on the top of it. The effect is pretty bad, as the soot has settled on the stone, and ornamentation seems to lose coherence or even mystery but to be pervaded with the idea that some grain speculator, with mystic notions of sculpture, had imbued this edifice and it wore the irrelevancy of his different operations when he was trying to make more money than he could do either good or harm with.

There seem to be some men whom money makes impotent and some communities have been so long chasing a dollar around with the breeze that the lines of legible life fade away. The most impressive thing about Chicago is its great lake, which we see extending to the horizon mysterious and boundless, and then we conceive that it is some two thousand miles distant by that lake into the ocean, that into the heart of this continent those pure fresh seas have found their way and that all the grain around Lake Michigan can float to another world without the interposition of a single railroad bar. The Erie Canal since it has been made a free canal has greatly injured the Canadian toll canals. Transportation alone is a question nowadays enough to drive a man crazy. As in the days of Ptolemy it still seems to be a matter of canals. Dewitt Clinton got the Erie Canal finished at the end of the first quarter of our century. The third quarter is barely over and it has two huge rivals, indeed three: the Suez Canal, the Welland Canal and the Mississippi jetties, and meantime the French are battering away with American engines at Panama.

The manner rather than the cost of living has had most to do with bringing on the era of speculation. Nothing can be more reasonable than for a man to bring his family into a beautiful house, yet the aggregate of those houses has made us a Nation of gamblers in order to keep them up. Thus good and evil are almost twin-born, and pursuing the passion for cleanliness till it should be almost godliness we land in avarice or bankruptcy. The United States has produced everything but a good servant. The servants own these large houses we have made for them. They keep up the figure of the expense which, at last, in unpropitious times, breaks down the rooftree.

As the Chicago Convention meets, the strangers and delegates who are talking fully as much about the failures as the nominations, say that our modes of living are too high in America and always drive us up to a dizzy point. The Western people appear to get less out of life than we in the East, but they do not have the same mutations. When they become poor they fall back on being their own servants. Their mothers taught them to cook and wash. It was but twenty-three years ago that the wife of the most distinguished man in America did the washing for her husband and children, and the income of the family was about $600 a year. Now we all shed tears because an income of say $50,000 a year has departed from that house. If the real conditions of life are the same—fortitude, fidelity and sacrifice—is there any real loss even though the city and the country house will have to go to the creditor? Napoleon, born on an island, died on one. Washington spent his last day in the open air surveying with the same instruments he made his existence upon among the wild Indians. We have been too long electing American Presidents on the one question as to whether fictitious values should be disturbed.

Mr. Heaton's picture of "The Recall of Columbus" was painted and purchased in a way to confer credit on the simplicity of all true things. He was in Spain and passing a bridge, when he was told that it was the place where Columbus, when about to go to France, was recalled by the Queen of Spain, who had resolved to part with her jewels. The artist found Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus" and read the story. He went out to the bridge with his implements of art and sketched the scene and got from one or two roadside accessories their figures for his greater subject. A passing gypsy or a passing muleteer made him vividly behold Columbus, who must have seen similar things. He put his figures in after he returned to France and finished the picture under the sky of Italy. For it he asked $3,000, which was hardly one hundred dollars more than he had expended for the materials and in the journeys, but the same instinct which led him to choose the theme led him to sell the picture. The committee agreed to pay the money, and it is said their admiration was excited by two beautiful mules in the painting which reminded them of their Western utilities. It was the livestock admiration after all which obtained the painter his recognition, and so in Spain the recognition given Columbus was for something as tangible as mules, and Isabella did not sell her jewels at all but Ferdinand's steward raised the funds out of the royal treasury of Aragon.

George M. Pullman is just finishing the most elaborate building in Chicago, made of Baltimore or Philadelphia red brick, with large round bays running up to towers on its high summits and a recessed centre like that of the Mills Building in New-York with a similar great arched gateway. Herein the Pullman offices are already fixed and the rest of the building is to be filled with office tenants. It stands on a low Gothic arcade of polished granite columns. Cost, half a million.

In the Chicago park called for Abraham Lincoln is a statue by John Boyle, recently presented, of an Indian with his wife and papoose. It represents much the same kind of Indian as dwelt on the site of Chicago, different from Cooper's Indians in being shorter, and in tying up their legs so that they looked more stumpy. Interesting relievos on the base of this statue represent a fishing scene on a lake and the green corn dance. Nothing is more interesting to a stranger in Chicago than to study the story of the city and State through the names of the streets. Madison, Dearborn, Monroe and the Presidents and Secretaries of the middle period of the Republic are stamped on the streets. A picture of Chicago in 1833 is put up in the Palmer House to interest guests, which shows some Indian wigwams and three log huts. All this was barely fifty years ago.

The statue of John Marshall at Washington is worthy of the subject and the sculptor. It is very refreshing in our commercial and realistic times to see the marble reliefs on this monument representing in old Roman dress Minerva setting the young Republic on his way to have a Constitution and to live by it. The effect of the statue is to disabuse the streets of Washington of so many military people. Our military record, though we may think it important, is not up to our civil record, and in warrior Generals we do not shine like other countries. Wellington, Marlborough, Blucher, Suwarrow and many perished names with no moral significance fought and marched and received statues. To see that old judge sitting out in front of the Capitol as if he owned the building, inspires respect for moral heroism. The Capitol is to lose all its grass terraces and the little stairway is to be taken out and only side stairways allowed, and under the new marble glacis are to be committee and other rooms, all in accordance with the design of our townsman, Mr. Olmstead, whose general work in Washington is praised after it is finished.

A lady remarked to me that she thought the best statuary in Central Park was that of animals put on the rocks and eminences to surprise visitors. There are three of these statues at least: the Falconer, in the act of sending up his bird, the Tigress or Lioness, bringing a meal to her cubs, and the Panther. Ward's Indian Hunter and Dog go in this list. The statue of Martin Luther in Washington was modelled by a sculptor in Dresden, copies of whose works are collected and shown there in a special museum while his statue is on the terrace over the Elbe. No doubt some of these days a statue of John Hughes, the Archbishop of New-York, will be erected in Washington or New-York by his political friends. It is worthy of remark that his old antagonist, Erastus Brooks, is still alive and in the same Democratic constituency which he so long defied.

Among the institutions which will feel the financial stringency are the summer hotels. For two or three years past they have been liquidating. The Stockton Hotel at Cape May, the largest structure ever put up in New-Jersey, perhaps, was unable to bring $125,000 at a public sale not long ago. The prices charged at these summer houses have been absurd. Mrs. Coke said to me last year at the Stockton House that the only way to make it pay was to put the rates at $2 50 a day, which was enough for people to pay before the war and more than they could afford to pay now. The Coney Island hotels ran a brief season charging people $3 for a night's lodging. For some time past the most profitable hotels in our country have been among the cheapest. In New-York the Westminster, the Continental, the St. Denis, have done the real business winter and summer. A great portion of the added expenses of a family in recent years has been summer board. Instead of going out of town to rest and save, people have gone out of town to dress more, to riot more and to pay more money than housekeeping costs. Seven dollars a day has been the price at some of the Saratoga hotels. Every night when they have music they endeavor to drive off their porches the people from the village who are paying $7 a week. The seven-dollars-a-week people come home with all the advantage of the waters and the climate, and the seven-dollars-a-day people return grouty in purse and stomach.

I asked a New-York friend in Chicago if the new Board of Trade was the same thing as the old Chamber of Commerce. "Oh, no," said he: "the Board of Trade is the speculative body which inhabited the building of the Chamber of Commerce. Come in here," said he, taking me to a place under a big hotel, "and I will show you a bucket shop." We went into a long room which was essentially a part of the hotel and down the middle of it extended a narrow inclosure with windows and a row of clerks sitting at desks. A man would put his head into the window and one clerk would call out his bet, which the other would record in a regular ledger or journal as big as a dog-house. "Here," said my friend, "they will take one per cent for a margin. That man is probably buying ten thousand bushels of wheat at say a dollar a bushel, equal to ten thousand dollars. He may put up one hundred dollars on it. If the wheat goes off one per cent they sell it out nominally and take his money. If it goes up one per cent he calls and gets one hundred dollars minus an eighth per cent shave, or twelve dollars and a half. Now," continued my friend, "this house has probably not one cent's worth of actual transactions and it has several branches in this town." While we were speaking men on tall ladders, which ran with slight propulsion, were going up and down before enormous blackboards carefully putting all the quotations on. One hundred to two hundred loafers were in the room spending the whole day watching these quotations. The New-York stock prices were put there for every call. I said to my friend: "Does anything do more harm than this, except the variety shows?" "No," said he, "and I think these bucket shops make more loafers for life than the variety shows."

At Chicago I took notice of the new Hall of Trade, a granite building in that Renaissance style which was long called the Pullman car architecture. It is a lofty pile opposite the Pacific Hotel and near the Rock Island station, and at a distance it is imposing, but coming near it seems to be an incongruous military mass which the Phoenicians or Mormons or some barely classified nation had heaped up. The New-York Produce Exchange, which is the other pole of it, does explain its own meaning. Both are monuments of our gambling era when breadstuffs and meats become, like tulips of old, the footballs of speculators. Perhaps into these two buildings have been put five or six millions of dollars. The cornering of the wheat crop, the corn crop and all the hogs in the nation could only have been done by the aid of banks which were ready to throw their great line of deposits in that direction, and in the emergencies of life ten thousand dollars rallied on a given point will generally carry it. A million or two rallied against the grain crop will check it awhile. The name of the most powerful firm in this business is the same as that of the poor Scotch girl whom Robert Burns deceived, and then married and finally made miserable, Jean Armour. When Burns was living with this wife on the last farm he ever tried to till, he sat one day and saw a queer-looking thing across the water near by. It was the first steamboat. It never was pushed to any practical result and was absorbed in Fulton's more business-like venture some years later. But from that day when they were thinking on the steamboat to the present day when the steamers carry the crops of America to the La Plata and India, and these try to force each other out of the markets of Europe, what an epoch has been made, till it seems impossible that there shall ever again be other than government by trade upon this world.

I said at Chicago to Mr. S. Gregsten, proprietor of the Windsor Hotel: "Who will be nominated at the Convention?" "Why, Blaine," said he. "This Western and Northwestern country hates Wall Street. Mr. Arthur will come here with Wall Street behind him and you will hear a hoot, and then a shout when Blaine's name is mentioned that will satisfy your nerves." Said I: "What do you think about business in Chicago?" "For two years," said he, "liquidation has been going on. Only a few years ago when I wanted money I could get $25,000 on my personal notes from one bank. There was such inflation that they begged their customers to come and take money. Now the same bank would give me $2,500 and no more. Don't you know," said the host, "that when you cannot get money your habits conform to that fact? All the institutions have been letting people have money on all kinds of securities, and their living has advanced according to their credit. Now these stocks have shrunken to that point where they will not command any considerable loans." Said I: "Your produce gambling here began in local operations?" "No," replied my friend; "it was not until Wall Street took hold of produce gambling that it ever amounted to much. They ran out the patience of people on railroad stocks and took up produce gambling as something to draw in the lower multitude. Our big operators in the necessaries of life are experiencing the same shrinkage that those who held railroad stocks did. The very corn and pork is becoming cheap on their hands because they used it for artificial speculation."

PRESIDENT POLK'S WIDOW.

From The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.

Right in the heart of Nashville stands a large, old-fashioned homestead of dull red brick, its roof projecting over the broad piazza, supported by great fluted pillars, and its general aspect conveying an impression of severe stateliness, in pleasing variance with the distorted, would-be fashionable architecture in the same neighborhood. A long lawn stretches in front of the house, and its pleasant green monotony is unbroken save by a plain and massive tomb of white marble, which carries its own best epitaph in the simple inscription, James K. Polk.

A ring at the bell brought to the door a good-natured colored girl, who took our cards to the venerable and venerated widow of President Polk.

Time, of course, has stolen the vivid coloring and curved outlines of youth, but he has not robbed her of the upright figure and dignified carriage, and has left brightness in her eyes and vivacity in her voice, beside lending an added charm in her faultless manners.

From the library of the dead President, she can gaze upon the tomb that marks his resting place, and in that same library remains his hat, gloves, and cane, just where he laid them when he came home for the last time. The book he was reading lies open on the table, and the papers of the day beside it.

In society, and fond of it, Mrs. Polk has yet never accepted an invitation since her husband's death, though with graceful hospitality and tact she has received on the first day of each year the Tennessee Legislature, which adjourns in a body to call upon her—and which I am told is the highest compliment ever paid by State authorities to a lady—and the civil, judicial, and ecclesiastical bodies make it a point to pay their respects to her.

LONDON GOSSIP.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES ON ENGLISH TOPICS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
LONDON, May 20.

Everybody is sitting up on account of Sir John Lubbock's dog whom the "Bank-Holiday baronet" declares to be capable of understanding his theory of proportionate representation. Sir John is a distinctly remarkable man whose nursery of various species of ants was a sight to see. He had, at the time I speak of, a house near Orpington and was consequently a neighbor of Darwin. As a naturalist and student of pre-historic man he is what vulgar Britons call "a genius," and his conversation is as delightful as his books. But he made a fearful blunder with his bank-holidays. It is only fair to him to admit that his intentions have been entirely defeated by the lower classes. Bank clerks are by way of being gentlemen and are cheated out of their holiday by the general adoption of it on the part of the mob. All the petty tradespeople and artisans who have no more to do with banking than with astronomy strike work and go out on bank-holiday, so that road and rail, river and theatre are made impossible to any but the vulgar.

Sir John Lubbock's dog is really a wonderful animal. I know several accomplished dogs. Colonel Hughes-Hallett has a thoroughbred French poodle, a marvellous performer of the prettiest tricks, and I know a dog who goes out from the stables every day, works up the fashionable restaurants till evening, and then comes home regularly at feeding time. But Sir John Lubbock's dog is still more wonderful. He is supplied with several cards explaining his wants, and he invariably selects the card which expresses his immediate wish and presents it in an upright sitting posture to his master, or in his absence to his servant. The clever creature sleeps in his master's bedroom, and so soon as the door is opened in the morning he selects the card marked "Out," and runs off with it to the servant. If his feeding-time is from any cause delayed, he selects another card marked "Food," and when his bowl is empty another marked "Water." Occasionally this beautiful and interesting animal feels himself forgotten by his studious master, who goes on writing without recognizing his existence. Then he selects another card marked "Pet me," and brings it to the oblivious student.

Sir John Lubbock distinguished himself on Saturday by getting married to Miss Fox-Pitt, daughter of General and the Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers, of Rushmore in Wiltshire. It was an extremely fashionable wedding, both Whig and Tory ladies mustering in great force. This is his second marriage. The first Lady Lubbock was a woman gifted in many ways, especially in the art of drawing. Many of the illustrations employed by her husband in his works on natural history were from drawings made by her. A few years ago Sir John passed through a period of terrible misfortune. His daughter who had made a happy marriage—a veritable love match—with young Mr. Mulholland lost her husband almost in the honeymoon, he having caught a fever in Rome of which he subsequently died in Paris. Within a year of this disaster Lady Lubbock died. Sir John, who had the keen sympathy of a large circle of English and foreign friends during his grief, has now their earnest good wishes for his happiness. He is one of the best-natured as well as cleverest of men and is now occupied, after his pretty young wife and his preternatural dog, with an elaborate scheme for Proportional Representation, concerning which he has written several articles in *The Daily News*.

Great sympathy is expressed here for Mr. Keene, of New-York. All the Britons who have met him speak kindly of him, and those who have never seen him in the flesh are delighted with the straightforward manner in which his horses have been run on the English turf. His white and blue spotted jacket had become a type of fair and honest endeavor, and the splendid victories of Foxhall were as popular here as in America. A mere better commands no position or kind of respect here, but an owner of horses who runs to win is always popular. We shall be very sorry to see the "spots" of Mr. Keene vanish from our race-courses. Less fortunate than was Mr. Lorillard in winning a classic race like the Derby, Mr. Keene has scored the transcendently difficult double-event victory in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire with one horse, a feat only once before performed. Rosebery and Foxhall are the only double-event winners in the long space of forty-four years. There is of course a reason for the rare hit of the double event. Horses and men trained for long races rarely run well in short ones. The former are trained to "stay," as it is called, the latter to go along "quick from the slips."

The sale of Lord Falmouth's racing stud at Newmarket and the races for the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas have caused talk and excitement enough during the week. Newmarket is now passing through a third phase, thanks to improved railway accommodation. I can recollect that my father always went down on Sunday or even on Saturday afternoon and made a pleasant week of it at the most delightful racing centre in the whole world. He had quarters regularly engaged at the chief hotel, the historic Rutland Arms, and had a good time generally. In my time residential Newmarket has been created. One's friends built great racing-boxes, invited one down and entertained sumptuously every day. The Dowager Duchess of Montrose and the late Mr. Stirling Crawfurd entertained handsomely at the pretty house built by Mr. Lefevre just beyond the Limekilns, and the brothers Alfred and "Tony" de Rothschild also "did their friends well" at their mansion-like villa. Young men, however, now prefer to dine in London—a very easy thing to accomplish. It is quite simple, by rising at what would be called a late hour in New-York City, to run down to Newmarket, lose a large slice of the family property, and get back to dinner by half-past 8, "oiled and curled," spick and span, ready to deal a bank at baccarat or to hang around the stage door of the Gaiety Theatre, which by the way is closed for the present in consequence of the illness of two of the chief performers. Miss Farren, whose inexhaustible vivacity has kept the "mashers" in good humor and furnished them with ideas for several years past, is, I regret to say, down with a bilious fever, and Mr. Terry, most comical of low comedians, has an abscess in his mouth. As nobody in his senses would think of going to the Gaiety while these two excellent artists are *hors de combat*, Mr. John Hollingshead, who has himself been seriously ill, has decided to close the house until Mesdames Judic and Sarah Bernhardt arrive to enliven London, now sadly in want of cheering up.

What with the landed interest, both English and Irish, being at a low ebb, with unpaid rents and unlet farms, every kind of business dull and the frightful shrinkage of American securities in which a vast amount of English money is locked up, we are in a pretty bad way just now. The mourning for the Duke of Albany has, I am quite convinced, been taken advantage of by a large number of persons to curtail expenses by ceasing to entertain for the rest of the season. As I have before now explained, the end and aim of ambitious entertainers is to secure the Prince and Princess of Wales, or at least some member of the Royal family, as guests. As this is hopeless for the present the *raison d'être* of the grandest entertainments is gone, and all is in the dust; for the small fry, not being asked out themselves to meet Royal and Serene Highnesses, have given up the season as a bad job, ask nobody even to dinner, and will leave town immediately after Ascot, if not earlier. Mourning and retrenchment are the order of the day, although a stranger present at the meeting of the Coaching Club on Saturday in Hyde Park would hardly have been inclined to think so.

At Sandown last week a rumor was spread concerning a four-in-hand young nobleman which has gradually acquired first consistency and then certainty. Lord Savernake is the heir apparent to the marquisate of Ailesbury, territorially if not financially one of the most important peerages in England. So far as blood is concerned the Brudenell-Bruces can compete in "intensity of blue" with the most azure strains in aristocratic England. The Bruces of the Ailesbury race were of very ancient lineage, and the Brudenells, with whom they intermarried and to whom their titles descended, were of equally illustrious race. History, however, is not very favorable to the Brudenells, of whom the most famous or rather notorious figure in poesy and painting is that of Anne Brudenell, Countess of Shrewsbury—Pope's "wanton Shrewsbury," who dwelt in "Cliveden's proud alcove," and held her lover, Buckingham's, horse while he neatly pinked and killed her husband at Barn Elms, just over Hammersmith Bridge. Everybody knows what Pope and the Chevalier de Grammont thought of this lady, and her portrait may be seen in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington, an imposing dame *s'il en fust oncques*. The last of the actual Brudenells was the late Lord Cardigan, whose earldom is now merged in the marquisate of Ailesbury. This was the hot-headed leader of the historic charge at Balaclava, which between him and his brother-in-law, Lord Lucan, became a brilliant disaster.

It seems almost a pity that some of the Cardigan money did not descend at once with the title to the Brudenell-Bruces, for they want it badly enough, with a large part of the estate unlet and several dowagers' portions to pay, including that of the antepenultimate peeress Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, a charmingly youthful old lady, who is the bosom friend of the Princess of Wales and who was married ten years before your correspondent was born. The present Marquis is best known as Lord Ernest Bruce, the title which he bore during the lifetime of his brother the late peer. The Brudenell-Bruces of my time, always excepting the present Marquis, have been what is called "a sporting lot," and young Lord Savernake, with whose name town is now ringing, has all the sporting instincts of his generation. Heir apparent to the Ailesbury and Cardigan peerages, he is the grandson, not the son, of the present incumbent, and at the moment of writing is not quite of legal age. His father was a very remarkable scion of a noble house, so remarkably inept, wrong-headed, or unlucky in all that he did that when he died the quotation that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it" rose to the tongue of every one not an outer barbarian. So "feckless" was this unfortunate Hussar officer that to distinguish him from other Bruces he was called by all his friends "Duffer Bruce." He undoubtedly merited that title, although it must be conceded that he was unlucky also. It was he and his confederate, the late Mr. George Payne, who tried the famous Bribery colt afterward named Savernake so highly for the Derby of 1866 that they thought they could beat Lord Lyon, and backed their colt accordingly to win a fortune. There was a tinge of superstition about these noble sportsmen, for they brought the cap and jacket in which St. Albans had won the Metropolitan, the Chester Cup and the Leger to Epsom "for luck." As it happened, Tommy French, who had been ordered to "wait and come with one run," let go his horse at the Bell, and after appearing to be winning in a canter just got beaten by a head on the post by Lord Lyon. After this "Duffer Bruce" went hopelessly to the bad. To escape his creditors he fled from England to Corsica, whence his wife fled from him. So with money, wife and credit gone he did the best thing he could under the circumstances—that is, he died.

His son has electrified us by a sensational marriage, well worthy to take its place by the side of those of the late Lord Rivers with Nelly Holmes, of the present Lord Euston with Kate Cook, of Sir Henry Meux with Val Reece, of the late Lord Stamford with two successive "damozels," one of whom now enjoys his immense property, and of the late Lord Cardigan, whose widow has the great Cardigan estates. Lord Savernake, a youngster of the "Bob Coachington, Lord Jarvey" order rejoicing in coats with seams growing on the outside and buttons of the size of cheese-plates adorned with sporting designs, fell, it would seem, desperately in love with Miss Dolly Tester, of the Empire Theatre, recently opened in Leicester Square. Miss Tester, a charming "damozel" of the class of dramatic artists who depend for success rather on personal attractions than on histrionic ability, did by no means seriously incline to the young lordling's suit. She had already diamonds and sapphires, a brougham, a victoria and a light cart, a charming house and a heavy settlement. She was in fact much better off than a wooer not yet of age, and without ready money, albeit he is a Viscount by courtesy and heir to a Marquisate now occupied by his grandfather, a worthy gentleman well stricken in years. So Miss Dolly Tester turned a deaf ear to Lord Savernake, and his lordship became desperate. A few days ago he offered her his heart—and hand. Now it is something to be a Viscountess in this country even when the actual revenues of the viscounty amount to a minus quantity! Wherefore Miss Dolly thought it would be "good enough," as sporting persons phrase it, to marry the young man. And it was done. Miss Dolly Tester, if her husband lives a few years, must be Marchioness of Ailesbury, and like the next Duchess of Grafton will add lustre, of the lime-light kind, to the English peerage.

Another prominent figure has vanished from the world of sport. A few days ago was buried Mr. "Billy" Williamson, a brother of the late Sir Hedworth Williamson. He was one of that popular order of mankind who until the day of their death are called by their nursery name. "Billy" Williamson was the best judge of a horse of all gentlemen north of the Trent, and was the adviser of his brother-in-law, the late Lord Zetland, in the purchase of Voltigeur, on whom the famous "spots" carried off the Derby, St. Leger, and Doncaster Cup. It was in the last-named race that Voltigeur defeated the celebrated Flying Dutchman, the winner of all before him in the previous year.

Mr. Williamson was an enormously tall man: I should think six feet six. He was very abstemious, being like Mr. George Lane Fox, the present Master of the Bramham Moor Foxhounds, anxious above all things to keep down his weight for riding. His sister was the Lady Zetland whose lady's maid was a medium and was mesmerized and interrogated by her mistress as to future events on the turf, which the *clairevoyante* was supposed to be able to predict. Mistress and maid quarrelled at last, and the squabble caused great amusement to the public. Racing people, superstitious as all gamblers are, were greatly exercised and there was quite a run upon mediums for a while, just as there was on dreamers after Lord Vivian dreamed that Lord Rosebery's horse The Teacher, renamed Aldrich, won the City and Suburban Handicap, and landed a stake thereby.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR ITS COMING MEETING AT MONTREAL.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

MONTREAL, May 27.—This city is aroused to the necessity of properly celebrating the visit of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in August next. This is the first time this eminent society has ever met outside of Britain, and the present meeting has been attracted to Canada through the efforts of the Premier, Sir John Macdonald, the Bishop of Ontario and others who recognized the benefits which would follow to the whole continent from bringing so many Englishmen with capital to the scene of investment. Although the interest in the meeting will not be confined to Montreal nor even to Canada, the main share of the preparations has fallen upon citizens here, and local committees for every imaginable purpose have been assiduously at work for months. Many of the scientists will be lodged as guests by wealthy citizens who are opening their houses with characteristic hospitality. This is expected to relieve the hotel accommodation, which is good, as far as it goes, but which is not nearly equal to that of an American city of the size of Montreal. Such matters as reception and entertainment are being attended to by a citizens' committee, while the work appertaining to the actual sessions of the British Association is being done by those connected with scientific and educational institutions. Such men as Dr. Sterry Hunt, Principal Dawson, the president of the American Association's Montreal meeting in 1882, and Dr. Daniel Wilson, president of Toronto University, will insure the success of the arrangements for the sittings. Montreal's experience of 1882 in entertaining the American Association is of great advantage, and the place of meeting is the same.

McGill College, the leading college of Eastern Canada, is well suited for such a congress. Situated in ample grounds on the northern slope of the city, at the foot of Mount Royal, the college consists of three separate buildings. The largest is taken up with classrooms of the Faculty of Arts, Library, principal's residence and Convocation Hall (where the general meetings of the British Association will be held). Of the other buildings, one is the Medical College, the other the Redpath Museum, pronounced by the American visitors of 1882 one of the finest museums in America. It contains a lecture theatre, and many classrooms, besides the museum proper, so arranged as to be suitable for evening receptions and conversaziones.

The sessions will begin on Wednesday, August 27, and continue for a week, until Wednesday, September 3. More than a thousand members have signified their intention of being present, and this number will probably be augmented by persons who will accompany the members as friends. There are eight sections of the British Association, Mathematical, Chemical, Geological, Biological, Physiological, Statistical, Mechanical, Anthropological, the presidents of which are respectively for the Montreal meeting, Sir L. Thompson, Professor Roscoe W. T. Blanford, F. R. S., Lord Aberdeen, Professor Moseley, Sir R. Temple, Sir F. Bromwell and Dr. E. B. Tyler. All these will attend, and the name of one Canadian has been placed among the vice-presidents of each section, to lend such assistance as the strangeness of the place of meeting may render necessary. Among the eminent men who will attend in addition to these may be mentioned, Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Lord Rayleigh, the president of the Association, Professor Boyd Dawkins, Professor Frankland, Professor Bonney, the secretary, Sir William Thompson, Dr. Carpenter, the Earl of Rosse and others.

The meetings of the sections will be held every morning, while the afternoons will be devoted to sight-seeing and recreation. The evenings are to be taken up with conversaziones and public lectures. The latter are a particularly popular feature of British Association congresses, and this year three will be delivered by most eloquent men, the first on "The Different States of Matter," by Professor W Geyelis Adams, of King's College, London; the second on "Comets," by Dr. Ball, Astronomer Royal for Ireland; and the last on "Lowest Forms of Animal Life," by the Rev. W. H. Dallinger, F. R. S., of Sheffield College. The whole week's meeting will close with a farewell entertainment to the British visitors by the citizens of Montreal.

In order to increase the number of incidental attractions, the Federal Government and the Montreal City Council have voted money to be expended in this direction. Free excursions will be given on the Government railways, the Intercolonial, from Quebec to Halifax, and the Prince Edward Island Railway, running through that island, while the Canadian Pacific Railway promises to carry members of the Association right to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. This undoubtedly will be a great temptation to the visitors to take a trip across the continent and view the land with their own eyes instead of through the medium of guide books and emigration pamphlets. This excursion will probably last two weeks and will start after the close of the Association's meetings. Visits will be paid to various localities of geological interest near Montreal, of which there are many within a few hours' journey of the city. The cities of Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto will also extend their hospitality to parties visiting those places. In order to allow of visits to Montmorency and Niagara Falls, besides other well known beauties of Canadian scenery, railway rates are being made exceedingly low. Nearly all the leading American lines will carry passengers to Montreal at reduced fares, and many visitors are expected from the American Association. The Philadelphia meeting of the latter Association will not clash with the British, and an Eastern city was fixed upon partly that each congress might attract some members of its sister associations.

There is every prospect of some highly instructive discussions in the various sections, owing to the great ability of the members attending, but the details of subjects for consideration have not all been yet definitely announced. Three of the sections, however, have issued their lists of questions to be touched upon, and from these an opinion may be formed of the rest. In the section devoted to Biology, there will be papers on (1) Pelagic and Deep Sea Life, and (2) Influences of External Conditions in Modifying the Life, History and Physiological Properties of Parasitic Microphytes. In the Anthropological section there will be taken up, (1) Native Races of America, (2) American Civilization before Columbus, (3) Archaeology of North America, (4) Native Languages of America, and (5) European Colonization and Its Effects on the Natives Tribes of America. There will be four subjects taken up in the section of Economic Science and Statistics, the first, Population, including discussions on Emigration, Census Results, Distribution of Wealth, and Condition of the Poor; the second, Land, treating of Agriculture, Land Law, and Forestry; the third, Trade, including the subjects of Manufactures, Shipping and Foreign Markets, and Internal Communication by Land and Water; while the fourth, Finance, will treat of Monetary Systems and Public Debts.